Dark Clouds Around the Cross

OOK nearly overhead between 9 and 10 to the Northern Cross in the constellation Cygnus. Milky Way runs through the figure, showing dark expanses, thought to be due to masses of non-luminous nebulae.





This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1789, of Jas. Fenimore Cooper, novelist, who did so much to make frontier life live in history. He was one of the greatest narrative writers. His books are still popular.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

Robert W. Chambers' Famous THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated Charles Dana Gibson

Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. + Strelsa-only what you have to Whose Novels Have Won Him In-

VERY word you utter." Quarren said, "forges a new ling in my love for you." You don't mean-love?"

"We mean the same I think-differently only in degree."

Thank you. That is nice of

He nodded, smiling to himself; then, graver:

"Is your little fortune quite gone,

Strelsa?"

"All gone—all of it."

"I see. * * * And something has got to be done."

You know it has. . . And I'm old before my time-tired, worn out. I can't work-I have no heart, no courage. My heart and strength were burnt out; I haven't the will to struggle; I have no capacity to endure. What am I to do?"

"Not what you plan to do." "Why not? As long as I need help

and the best is offered"-"Wouldn't you take less- and

"Oh, Rix! I couldn't use you!" She turned and looked up at him, blushed, and disengaged herself from his arm.

I—I—you are my friend. I have nothing to give anybody-not even you." She smiled tremulously And I suspect that as far as your fortune is concerned, you can offer me little more. . . But it's sweet of you. You are generous, having so little and wishing to share it with

"Could you wait for me, Strelsa?" "Wait? You mean until you become wealthy? Why, you dear boy, how can I?—even if it were a cer-tainty."

"Can't you hold on for a couple of years?"

Please tell me how? Why, I can't even pay my attorneys until I sell my house." He bit his lip and frowned at the

sunlit water. "Besides," she said, "I haven't

anything to offer you that I haven't already given you---"I ask no more."

"Oh, but you do!" No, I only want what you want.

offer of your own accord." A Moment of Silence.

They fell silent, leaning forward on their knees, eyes absent, remote. "I don't see how it can be done;

"But Rix; I've told him that I would marry him."

"Does that count?" "Yes-I don't know. I don't know

how dishonest I might be. . . I don't know what is going to happen. I'm so poor, Rix-you don't realize—and I'm tired and sad -old before my time-perplexed, burnt out-"

eyes. After a while she opened them with a weary smile.

der curved hand and closed her

train leave?" He glanced at his watch and

"Have I kept you too long?" "No; I can make it. We'll have

to walk rather fast"-"I'd rather you left me here." "Would you? Then-good-bye."

"I'll try."

"Will you?"

"Yes. I have so much to say now that you are going. I am glad you came. I am glad I told you everything. Please believe that my heart is enlisted in your new enterprise; that I pray for your success and welfare and happiness. Will you always remember that?"

"Then-I mustn't keep you a mo

do you?" she said. "If you could wait-"

She rested her head on one slen-

"I'll try to think-after you are gone. * * * What times does your

rose; and she sprang up, too:

"Good-bye. • • • Will you come up again?"

"Shall we write?"

"Yes, dear."

ment longer. Good-bye."

They stood a moment, neither stirring; then he put his arms about her; she touched his shoulder once more lightly with her cheek-a second's contact; then he kissed her clasped hands and was

CHAPTER XI. Quarren arrived in town about

twilight. Taxis were no longer for him nor he for them. Suit case and walking-stick in hand, he started up Lexington avenue still excited and

with Strelsa. An almost imperceptible fragance seemed to accompany him, freshening the air around him in the shabby streets of Ascalon; the heat-cursed city grew cooler. sweeter for her memory. Through the avenue's lamp-lit dusk passed the pale ghosts of Gath and the phantoms of the Philistines,

and he thought their shadowy forms

moved less wearily; and that strange

faces looked less wanly at him as

they grew out of the night-"clothed

in scarlet and ornaments of gold"and dissolved again into darkness. Still thrilled, almost buoyant, he walked on, passing the high-piled masonry of the branch post office and the Central Palace on his left. Against high stars the twin power

exhilarated from his leave-taking + house chimneys stood outlined in + Rooms, the undertaker's discreetly + "What on earth is going on insteel; on the right endless blocks of brownstone dwellings stretched northward, some already converted into shops where print-sellers, dealers in old books, and here and there antiquaries, had constructed show

Firemen lounged outside the Eighth Battalion quarters; here and there a grover's or wineseller's windows remained illuminated where those who were neither well-to-do nor very poor passed to and fro with little packages which seemed a burden under the sultry skies.

At last, ahead, the pseudo-Oriental towers of a synagogue varied the flat skyline, and a moment later he could see the New Thought Laundry, the Tonsorial Drawing

illuminated windows, and finally the bay windows of his own recent real estate office, now transmogrified into the Dankmere Galleries of Old Masters, Fayre & Quarren, proprietors.

The window appeared to be brilliantly illuminated behind the drawn curtains; and Quarren, surprised and vexed, concluded that the little Englishman was again entertaining. So it perplexed and astonished him to find the Earl sitting on the front steps, his straw hat on the back of his head, smoking. At the same moment from within the house a confused and indescrirbable murmur was wafted to his ears as though many people were applauding.

side?" he asked, bewildered. "You told me over the telephone

"What did he want of it?" Who has he got in there?" demanded

plause sounded from within. Dankmere thought a moment: "I really don't know the audience,

and Mrs. Caldera"-

Stressa, Reading in the Quiet of Wycherly Hollow, Sees Quarren Approaching.

that Karl Westguarrd might have the gallery for this evening," said the Englishman calmly. "So I let him have it." '

Quarren as another ripple of ap-Quarren-they're not a very fra-

grant lot." "What audience? Who are they?"

a tough-looking bunch—except Westguard and Bleecker De Groot "Cyrrille Caldera and De Groot!

tA Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

What's that silly old dandy doing + the terrible contrast in this miseradown here?"

"Diffusing sweetness and light among the unwashed; telling them that there are no such things as classes, that wealth is no barrier to brotherhood; that the heart of Fifth avenue beats as warmly and guilelessly as the heart of Essex street, and that its wealth-bur-

dened inhabitants have long de-

sired to fraternize with the bench-

ers in Paradise Park." A Strange Audience.

"Who put Westguard up to this?" asked Quarren, aghast.

"De Groot. Karl is writing a levelling novel calculated to annihilate caste. The undertakers next door furnished the camp-chairs, the corner grocer the collation; Westguard, Mrs. Caldera and Bleecker De Groot the mind-food. Go in and look 'em over."

The front door was standing partly open; the notes of a piano floated through; a high and soulful tenor was singing "Perfumes of Araby," but Quarren did not notice any as he stepped inside. Not daring to leave his suitcase

in the hallway, he kept on along the passage to the extension where the folding doors were locked. Here he deposited his luggage, locked the door, then walked back to the front parlor and, unobserved, slipped in, seating himself among the battered derelicts of the rear A thin, hirsute young man had

just finished scattering the perfumes of Araby; other perfumes nearly finished wuarren; but he held his ground and gazed grimly at an improvised platform where sat, in a half-circle and in full evening dress, Karl Westguard, Cyrille Caldera and Bleecker De Groot. Also there was a table supporting a calla lily.

Westguard was saying very earnestly: "The world cals me a novelist. I am not! Thank Heaven, I aspire to something loftier. I am not a mere scribbler of fiction; I am a man with a message-a plain, smple, earnest, warm-hearted humanitarian who has been roused to righteous indignation by

ble city between wealth and poverty"-

"That's right," interrupted a hoarse voice, "it's all a con game, an' the perlice is into it, too!" "T'hell wit te bulls! Croak

'em!" observed another gentleman thickly. Westguard, slightly discounte-

nanced by the significant cheers which greeted this sentiment, introduced Bleecker de Groot; and the rotund old beau came jauntily forward, holding out both immaculate hands with an artlessly comprehensive gesture calculated to make the entire East Side feel that it was reposing upon his beautifully laundered bosom.

"Ah, my friends!" cried De Groot, "if you could only realize how great is the love for humanity within my breast!-- If you could only know of the hours and days and even weeks that I have devoted to solving the problems of the poor! The Merry Mitt. "And I have solved them-every

one. And this is the answer!"grasping dauntlessly at a dirty hand and shaking it-"this!" seizing another-"and this, and this!-And now I ask you, what is this mute answer which I have given you?" "De merry mitt," said a voice.

promptly. Mr. De Groot smiled with sweetness and indulgence. "I apprehend your quaint and trenchant vernacular," he said. "It

is the 'merry mitt'-the 'glad glove' the 'happy hand!' Fifth avenue clasps palms with Doyers street"

"Ding!" said a weary voice, "yer in wrong, boss. It's nix f'r the Tongs wit us gents. We transfer to Avenue A."

Mr. De Groot nerely smiled indulgently. "The rich," he said, "are not really happy." His plump, highly colored features altered; presently a priceless tear glimmered in his monocle eye, and he brushed it away with a kind of noble pity for his own weakness.

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

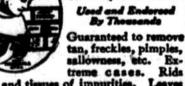
By Beatrice Fairfax-Which Does He Love? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and in love with a man of twenty-four. He has asked me to marry him. I have one more year at school, and wishing to keep our friendship on a whole-hearted basis, I have not acknowl-

I had an engagement with him one evening but he did not come, or call on the phone, or write until three weeks later, when I received a short letter saying he had been ill and as I did not call him or write, he had decided that I did not care for him, so was engaged to be mar-ried soon, as he had found his true

POSSIBLY you are right and the man did fall into an engagement with another girl out of sheer pique. It can do no harm for you to ask him to come to see you once more for the sake of your old friendship. If you find that he is indeed interested elsewhere, you must feel that you had your chance and missed it and that you have no right to do one thing to hurt another girl or speil her happiness. But if you feel that e is going to make a miserable happiness, and you think a girl of your age knows her feelings, marry him now and don't ask him to wait. I've an idea that you're not as desperately in love as you think, and that you're a sensible little girl who's going on with her school work and will find her happiness later.

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Getting Too Fat? Try This—Reduce

Psople who don't grow too fat are the fortunate exception. But if you find the fat accumulating or already cumbersome, you will be wise to follow this suggestion, which is endorsed by thousands of people who know. Ask your druggist (or, if you prefer write to the Marmoia Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) for a large case of Marmoia Prescription Tablets. One dollar is the price the world over. By doing this you will be safe from harmful drugs and be able to reduce two, three or four pounds a week without dieting or exercise.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE, Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success. 66 TEANIE!" I called. "Jeanie, don't leave me like this. I

can't bear much more -I stepped toward the door as I spoke. But I didn't open it. What use was there in running after Jeanie? For Phoebe's sake I couldn't go back to Jeanie's apartment and risk driving the desperate young thing out of the home where she had more right to be than I. For Jim's sake I couldn't give up the job which meant money and might help tide us over if a crash came. So what had I to gain by reopening

a discussion which would only antagonize Virginia? Hunger and worry gave me a restless night, and I was a haggard-looking creature when I started off early the next morning to visit Neal. Fortunately, his bedroom was not very bright and Neal's attention was thoroughly occupied with the doctor's promise that he could be out for a short drive by the end of the week. So I got away without

any embarrassing revelations. My course went straight to Dad Lee's hotel. They told me at the desk that Mr. Lee was at breakfast and I bore down on the dining room resolutely. The head waiter led me toward a table where Dad Lee sat with his back to me and all his attention focussed on a commonlooking man I'd never before set eyes on. As I approached the table the strange man began speaking in

a harsh and throaty voice: "And if you ask me I'll say they'll never get Dicky boy. I'll say he's not lettin' the dope make him forget nothing, either. He'll come back when he's good and ready. So no

At this point the obsequious waiter

drew up at the table announcing:
"Lady to see Mr. Lee."
Dad Lee leaped to his feet, looking for all the world like a cornered rabbit, with twitching nose and watering eyes. But as he seized my arm and steered me toward the door I noticed that the grip of his thin fingers was powerful and purposeful—not rabbit like at all.

Well, well, m' dear," he scold-"If your coming to surprise your old gov'nor, why don't you tell him? Here I ain't even had a shave, and I'm wearing yesterday's collar. I ain't fit for my daughter to be seen with. I'm going to take you to the writing room while I go and get dolled up, as the saving is."

"You needn't," I said significantly. "I came on business."
"Had your breakfast, m'dear?"
he asked with insistent cordiality.
"I was just thinking that as soon as I'd got into some glad rags,
we'd have a party on dad."
"I've had my breakfast," I announced coldly. "Let's sit here.
It's cosy and private."
"Then you didn't get any further mean," I said sarcastically. "But I was thinking of your friend Dick -so his name came naturally to my

"Ain't you seen him lately?" asked Dad Lee. "Ain't you friends any Ignoring the question, I answered the first with breathless quickness.

'I haven't seen him since my brother was shot." "Your brother shot? Dear, dear -that would be my Martha's boy. Why didn't you tell me, m'dear? I'd do whatever I could for her

"What have you done for her boy -and her girl-since the first time you heard of them," I asked, striving again to take him off his guard. "Since first Dick West told me they were in New York," replied Dad Lee, smiling at me shrewdly, 'I been trying to get in touch with them - trying to show that the whole continent ain't too big for the old sire to cover to get back to where his filly is pasturing. But you're awful cold, m'dear. Don't love the old man much, do you? You've never even had me meet up

with my Martha's boy. sprung to my feet. "I'm not in a position to do much for you," I said. "And I have my own ties already formed. Neal won't meet you. He's bitter-naturally. But I'll pay your board and room and try to give you a small

weekly allowance. "I don't need no allowance. I'll make out 'til your husband gets back," he volunteered with an air of kindness. "Or even help you if you need the old man. Do you? Or does Martha's boy? Do you folks

need money?" Puzzled by this second exhibition of generosity, I stared at him-then beyond him, trying to fathom his motives. Suddenly I got a glimpse of the common-looking man lurking in the doorway, theoretically just out of sight, plainly just within ear-

"Do you folks need any money?" repeated Dad Lee.

Do you know that

(To Be Continued Saturday.)

Trial by jury is said to have existed in 200 B. C.? Pianos are to be taxed in Paris at the rate of 30 francs for an up-right and 60 francs for a grand.

The swallow's mouth, in propor-tion to its size, is larger than that of any other bird A Japanese wooer presents his sweetheart with a beautiful sash

Lungs in a perfectly healthy state are very rare, according to the curator of a Parisian medical

Attractive**Aprons**

By Rita Stuyvesant. HE fall housecleaning means much work for the housekeeper, and these days, when many women are without maids, the burden falls heavily. However, no

there are so many new aprons designed for this purpose. Charming is a slip-over apron of yellow chambray, bound and trimmed with yellow and black cretonne, cut after the fashion of the bungalow apron, with short kimono sleeves, square neck, patch pockets and a loose belt of the material.

woman need look unattractive, for

There may be a cap to match each apron to protect one's hair. The tiny checked ginghams are especially attractive made up with white collar and cuffs. If you prefer to wear the apron as a house dress also, make it a slip-on model, but if you plan to wear your street frock underneath, it is more con venient to leave it open down the back. A white collar of butcher linen and turnback cuffs will lend a fresh appearance. Long sleeves will protect your underneath sleeves. A sash of the gingham and pockets,

too, are smart. Many city women prefer large white cover-all aprons of heavy muslin or duck, as they may be sent

to the laundry. Have you seen the aprons the brides are so enthusiastic about? They are fashioned of cretonne in the most bizarre effects and are full skirted. The bodice is small and cut with straps that go over the shoulders and cross at the back. There are enormous sash ends that Sometimes the edges of the apron are bound in harmonizing tape.

Morale in **Illness**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

HERE is no remedy more important than hope. It has even been called the best remedy. Anything that increases a sick person's optimism is a curative asset, and anything that discourages is a liability.

break down the morale of most of his patients if he tried to frighten them into compliance with his treatment. People who have had hardly a sick day in their lives cannot be suddenly told that they have

Bright's disease of the kidneys or

A tactless physician could easily

something that sounds equally omnious. It is different with the chronically ailing, or with those who have had a great many illnesses. The latter type of patient gets to be a sort of philosopher about these matters. He has developed in the course of his stormy career a good deal of self-confidence. If one has recovered again and again from menacing diseases, one is likely to take a good deal o satisfaction out of the game of proving a not too

hopeful doctor wrong. Everyone has noted how the delicate invalid will oftentimes live on while the robust may easily collapse and display but little resist-We have already given a strong hint as to what is the trouble in these cases.

It is said that the breakdown is due to overwork or something equally irrelevant, when the truth which has broken down the ran's which has broken down the man's is that something has happened morale and started a demoralizing

Optimist Rhyming By Aline Michaelis.

T is ninety today in the shade where I stay-goodness knows what it is in the sun; though I work pretty hard at my job as a bard, just at present it isn't much fun. Although joy is my goal, I'm a sensitive soul and to-day I have had a hard blow for, while mopping my brow, a man hailed me just now, saying: "Lay

Perspiration dripped down as I gave him a frown, a baleful, malevolent glare; but he paid me no heed and went on: "Yes, indeed, you should purchase enough and to spare." Then he spoke with de-light of his best Anthracite, he chatted of nut and of lump; he declared: "As for heat, this has got the world beat, and our Number One coal is a trump! He conversed about fire till I felt

in your coal before snow,"

so I heeded the theme he pursued. The thermometer rose while he

nothing to do but give way to my longing-and kill! Strangely though in the end I just said to him: "Friend, you may send me six tons right away; mark it 'Rush' if you please, for I don't want to freeze in the grip of some fierce, zero day!" Then my work I resume in the oven-like room where a man could fry eggs on my hat; oh, these long-headed We must have them, perhaps, but they're truly a trial, at

talked about snows and the best

way to keep out the chill, at one hundred and two there seemed

Yes, they prod me along and I can't say they're wrong for I know in my heart they are right. And say, friend, by the way, though it's ninety today—have you a desire to throttle the wretch laid in enough Anthracite?

"You Ameriacns would call them

66TF I knew, I would tell you," Calligan said, quietly. "Not that after all it had not been only Eva who had suffered. because you deserve it-not because you deserve any considera-tion from her or from me, but because I care for her so much that I'd give my life to see her happy.

Now"—he flung at young

got your answer, and I hope you Philip passed a shaking hand across his mouth. He was half convinced of his friend's honesty, but that drive up from the country through the darkness had been torture for him, and he could not so

Winterdick with defiance-"you've

readily forget it. "She meant to come to you-I know she did—" he said again with anguish. "Where is she if she's not here? There's nobody else she would have gone to Oh, don't stand there like that," he broke out, stormily. "Say some-thing—suggest something • • • for God's sake."

Calligan's face quivered. "You'd better search the place." he said, hoarsely; "if you don't believe me. I tell you I don't know where your wife is."

His pale face blazed suddenly. 'I suppose you've been a brute to her again—I suppose you've been torturing her and half driving her mad: In the name of heaven, Philip, what's come over you? What are you made of that you treat her as you do? You seem very sure that she would come to me. I wish I were as sure—I wish I knew that she cared enough to come-

His voice rose excitedly. "I wish she cared one-hundredth part as much for me as she does for you. She shouldn't ever have back to you, I promise. She-She shouldn't ever have gone Philip turned slowly.
"Care for me!" he said in a hoarse

voice. "She never cared for me."

He waited a moment; staring at Calligan with eyes that pleaded for a contradiction of his words, that implored it, even while in his heart he knew there was no smallest hope of It was Calligan who looked away "You've never deserved that she

should," he said with an effort. "But if we men only got what we deserve it would be a pretty poor look out for some of us."

He raised his sad eyes to Philip's again and suddenly he said agita-

"Phil-you don't mean . . . you

weren't such a fool as not—to know that she cared?" Philip tried to speak, but no words weuld come. He groped backward for a chair and dropped into it, its arms outflung on the table, his face Then Calligan drew a breath like sigh. He laid a hand on his friend's

"Poor old chap. . . ."
As yet his mind was but a chaos of agitation in which he groped blindly for the truth; but he was beginning to see it slowly, and te understand

FOR LOVE

He walked over to the sideboard and mechanically mixed a couple of whiskies. He brought them back to the table and gave Philip a little "Here—buck up," he said with rough kindness. "I can't help you till I know what's happened. . . ."

Philip raised his head.
"She's gone . . . We—she . . .
Oh, I was a brute. She never answered me when I-but I knewcould see it in her eyes—all through that confounded dinner. • • • She

looked like death, and then .

You say she left for New York. You are sure—sure?" Calligan's voice was wrung with anxiety.
"Yes—as sure as I can be." Philip got to his feet. He looked like a man on the verge of a bad "Peter's outside—I

"Well, the thing is to find her.

brought him up in the car.' Calligan left the room and came back a second later with his over-"I'm ready" he said. "She may have gone to your apartments."

"No-no, won't have done (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

SRAEL ZANGWILL, nimself a school teacher in his younger children had been struggling with the problem: "If a cask contains four and a half gallons, how many

times can a glass holding a pint be filled from it?" It proved too much for them, and, as it was near the end of the afternoon, the teacher said:

"Well, boys, you can take that home as your homework tonight, and let me know the answer tomorrow morning." Next morning one member of the class turned up an hour late. He

brought a written excuse—a scribled

note on a rough piece of paper. It "Will teacher please excuse Tommy for being late, and please do not give him any more of those sums for homework. My husband spent all the evening working at with two friends to help him. In consequence we are all late up this morning, and my husband is

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not fit to go to work today, and has forgotten the answer."